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read his text, he found it impossible to recollect the first sentence. He hesitated and hemmed, and began thus: "You perceive, my brethren—perceive—that the angels of God—are here sent—as ascending—and descending." He then set up a good stout cough, in the hope that his story might get to work in the meantime; but cough was as unproductive as it was artificial, and he could do nothing but to go right over again with the absurd sentence with which he had started. He coughed again and again, but his memory was too profound a slumber to be awakened by it. At three or four minutes, during which he was

to the congregation, and especially to her, who was all the time watching and listening according to his promise, he shut up his eyes in perfect consternation, and abruptly closed service. Of course he came out of the pulpit in a very different air from that with which he had entered it. But the worst was yet to come; he had met Matthew and heard his scathing comments. "Well, well," said he: "Young man, you've preached in London—shan't you? I've heard you; I've heard every word you said, and I have one comment to make: if you had ascended to heaven, then you might have descended to earth."

another young minister, of a similar character, told him a visit, and Matthew observed that he hated what he thought a very indecent number of seals. He eyed them for some time, as if he was minimizing the materials of which they were made, and then said, with a terribly sarcastic air, "It is to me you've a good many seals to your credit, considering how young you are."—*Matthew's Visits to European Celebrities.*

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**FREE GUARDED BY NATS.**

Dr. Dawson, Baptist missionary to the Karens, has interesting accounts of his observations to the effect of Missions. We quote the following:

near the ruins of what was once supposed to be a palace, there stands a large, lofty tree, toward which the inhabitants had long felt a strong superstition, from some supposed superhuman virtues or powers centered in it. They believed it to be guarded by a nat or spirit, which the people said would destruction at some Burman in former generations for even thinking that he could cut it down. So rooted had this superstitious feeling become among them, that no one would even dare to touch it with a knife. The spirit presiding in the tree was all powerful for its preservation from the hands of men. I pointed out to the Myo Oke and

people the folly of believing any such nonsense; God had given mankind power over everything on the face of the earth, whether bird, beast, tree; that the evil spirit was not in the tree, but in the superstitious hearts of the Burmese people. To prove to them the perfect harmlessness of the spirit in itself, I took a chopper out of a woodman's hand and whom we saw there, and chopped it in different places. At first they looked frightened and then laughed, frightened for my safety, and then laughed at their own foolish fears. They said that no person who could cut it down would receive a hundred rupees; for it was worth that sum to keep a boat. I advised them to earn the money

about delay by felling the tree, and I would arrange that the nats would let them alone. "If a still feel frightened," I observed, "call in a couple of Mussulmans, and they will make quick work of it."

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**OPPORTUNITY.**

A plain, pious man removed into a very sparsely settled portion of the country. He had been remarkable for his religious activity when he lived at East. After he had resided in his lonely dwelling for a year or two, a friend from his former place of residence, as he was on his way to the far west, stopped with him for the night.

"I suppose," said the visitor, "you don't find an

"I do not think," replied the host, "that any one desires to do good will ever find any lack of opportunities. I have not been idle for a moment consequence of a lack of opportunity. I have an idle, but never from necessity. God tells every man to work in his vineyard, and he always sees care that he shall have plenty to do. It is his Christian as it is with the farmer. If he is minded to work, he can always find enough to do. A man must not pick and choose what he will

and refuse work unless he can find something to which is just to his taste. He must do what he throws in his way."

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**CHINESE STREET ARTIST.**

Bayard Taylor, in relating his experience in China, says that he saw a man seated on the pavement, holding in his hand a white porcelain tile just a foot square. This he overspread with a deep blue color, from a sponge dipped in a tin of indigo, and asked us to name a flower. I suggested the lotus. He extended his forefinger, crooked, flexible as an elephant's trunk, and as crisp as if the end had been whittled off—gave

two or four quick dashes across the tile, in ten seconds, or less, lo! there was the flower, exquisitely drawn and shaded, its snowy cup hanging in the midst of its long, swaying leaves. Three more strokes, and a white bird with spreading wings, hovered over it; two more, and a dog stood beside. The rapidity and precision of the forefinger seemed most miraculous. He covered the tile with new wonders of colors, and flower after flower was dashed off of the blue ground.

This, we suppose is the kind of drawing alluded to in the fourth chapter of Ezekiel; "Thou also, son of man, take thee a tile, and lay it before thee and portray upon it the city, even Jerusalem."

**THIS QUEER WORLD.**

The following passage closes the Baccalaureate address of Hon. A. B. Longstreet, President of the South Carolina College at Columbia, to the recent graduating class: "You are embarking upon strange world, my young friends. It banished Aristides, poisoned Socrates, murdered Cicero, and crucified the Lord of Glory. The spirit of Theopistocles, of Melitus, of Anthony, and Caiaphas is ill in the world; greatly subdued and law bound, it will be sure, but not extinguished. You may expect, therefore, at times to be depressed by your contact with the queerest population and you

val, condemned *for your past sins*, and contented for your benefactions; to have your confidence abused, your integrity degraded, and to suffer thousand impositions in smaller matters—from those from whom you had a right to expect better things. These are hard things to bear, say you. They are so, my young friends, and you will never bear them as you should, unless you take the Good Book for your guide, and look only to its Author for supplies of strength sufficient for your trial. To this, and all will be well at last. With that heart in your hand, now launch your bark upon the troubled ocean of life; and when the squalls strike you, be at least as prudent as the common sailor, and the second mate will be

nor, and be found hard as the nelm, with your  
heart before you, and your eye fixed on Bethle-  
hem's star."

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